VOL CVI

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LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

"I too, my Lord, 'am not ashamed to be the owner of a good horse,'" said Mr. PUNCH, patting the spotted flanks of his own immortal and invincible steed, and addressing the lucky owner of the triply victorious *Ladas*.

The scene was the loose box of the Spotted One. The Lord of Fleet Street, Everywhere, and the Adjacent Islands, was piloting the Lord of Dalmeny, and the Liberal Party, round his stables.

The smooth-faced and youthful-looking rival of ALEXANDER of Macedon fixed his steady eyes almost enviously on the Steed of Steeds. "Humph!" he murmured. "A blend of *Bucephalus, Pegasus, Ladas, and* SINON's Trojan 'crack'!! Something like a Favourite!!! Are you disposed to make a match, over any course you like, for any stakes you please, Mr. PUNCH? Weight for age of course!"

"I love Sport and hate Speculation," answered the owner of the Spotted One, simply.

"Ah!" began the owner of *Ladas*, "the Nonconformist Conscience——"

"Hates *both*," interjected Mr. PUNCH. "There's the difference! I'm with it in denouncing gambling; dead against it spitting sectarian spleen at honest sport. What you aptly called the Blue-Book and Biscuit theory of life is not mine. But I've no desire to make *Spots* 'a contemptible method of appropriating other people's money.' Besides, my PRIMROSE, even *Ladas* wouldn't have a look-in with him, and he couldn't be handicapped down to *Matchbox*."

"I suppose not," responded Bonny DALMENY, meditatively. "One doesn't pit *Pegasus* against a mere Derby champion, eh? If you did, 'twere easy to 'spot the winner'!"

"*Did* I race him, the winner would always be spotted," chuckled the Sage, stroking the Steed of Steeds affectionately.

"Ah! might call that the *Spot-stroke!*" muttered the grave-eyed Peer, falling—with a blush—into the light, jesting mood so objectionable to the heavy-handed Hugh Price-Hugheses of his party. He glanced round furtively, to make sure he was not overheard by some eavesdropping member of the great Anti-Laughter League. "Who are these, Mr. PUNCH?" he queried, *sotto voce*, pointing to two somewhat shadowy shapes, both in classic costume, and one (a lithe, athletic figure, with a pose like that of the herald Mercury) in remarkably little of it.

The shorter, yet somewhat more stately and impressive of the two, responded. "The Shades are sombre, and Charon's Ghosts are generally grave; but it were 'bad form' to bring the gloom of the Stygian groves into the stables of Mr. PUNCH."

"The Mighty Macedonian, I presume?" said Mr. PUNCH, bowing with more than Stanleyish grace.

ALEXANDER nodded assent. "Very nice of you," he said, turning to Mr. PUNCH's guest, "to name *your* fleet runner after *mine*, my Lord! Pity you have not any MYRONS to immortalise your great men—and horses."

"Humph!" said Mr. PUNCH. "We are certainly *not* strong in sculpture, just at present. But I'd back my own classic and sculpturesque Cartoonist against all your MYRONS at 'immortalising' Me and my Spotted One—in black and white, which perhaps is sometimes better than brass, whatever Academies may think!"

The Macedonian bowed in respectful assent. "PHIDIAS himself," he said, "would cordially have shaken hands with your world-renowned artists. But we managed these things differently in Greece!"

"*Very*," said LADAS, with emphasis. "Would herald-honour, a laurel, a pine, or a parsley crown, even *plus* a brazen statue on the Thames Embankment, satisfy your 'Sportsmen,' whether patrons or competitors?"

"I fear not," said Mr. PUNCH, pensively. "I fear that what jovial Sir JOHN ASTLEY calls 'the merry monk' hath too great charms for *our* ALEXANDERS and LADASES. So far the rather queasy and querulous Nonconformist Conscience is in the right of it. Grasping greed and sordid speculation are our true spoil-sports!"

"A good horse," said the Macedonian, "is only second in interest to a 'good man'—in the sporting, not the ethical, sense *bien entendu*. *Bucephalus* was a good horse. So is *Ladas*. So, *in excelsis*, is the Spotted One!"

"Pity you can't put him to the stud, Mr. PUNCH," interjected the PREMIER. "That would indeed effect what our chaffing CHAPLINS humorously 'spoof' about, namely, 'improve the breed of horses.'"

They all, Sage, Statesman, and Shades, laughed aloud at this. Even the Spotted One whinnied joyously, and TOBY yapped gleeful derision, at a fine old crusted sample of conventional cant.

"The Horse," said MR. PUNCH, drily, "is (as the classic quotation hath it) 'a noble creature,' and very useful to Man, 'but if you treat him badly' (*i.e.* as a mere medium for greedy and dishonest gambling), '*he will not do so*.' Your ultra-Puritan is a 'prig' of one sort. But unfortunately your Sportsman is too often a 'prig' of another. Down with both! PRIMROSE, my fortunate triple-eventer, you are Reformer as well as Sportsman. If you can reform in Sport as well as Politics, you 'll 'cut the record,' conciliate the Nonconformist Conscience, and deserve a Myron statue, not brazen but golden, as the modern Hercules, cleansing the Augean Stables of Turf corruption, a corruption crescent and clinging, ugly and ubiquitous, creeping upwards and downwards, from Publican to Peer, and from Betting-man to Boot-black!"

"And then," said Olympian LADAS, smiling, "the suitable reward of the victors in *your* games will be, not a parsley but a Primrose crown!"

"*Euge*, Laconian!" cried PUNCHIUS, admiringly. "Meanwhile I 'll present each of you with that best Sportsman's Book, truest Turf-Oracle, and most trustworthy Tipster's Guide, which is published twice a year by the owner of that real 'Horse of the Century,' my champion 'Spotted One'!"

And therewith Mr. PUNCH handed to each of his visitors a handsomely bound copy of his

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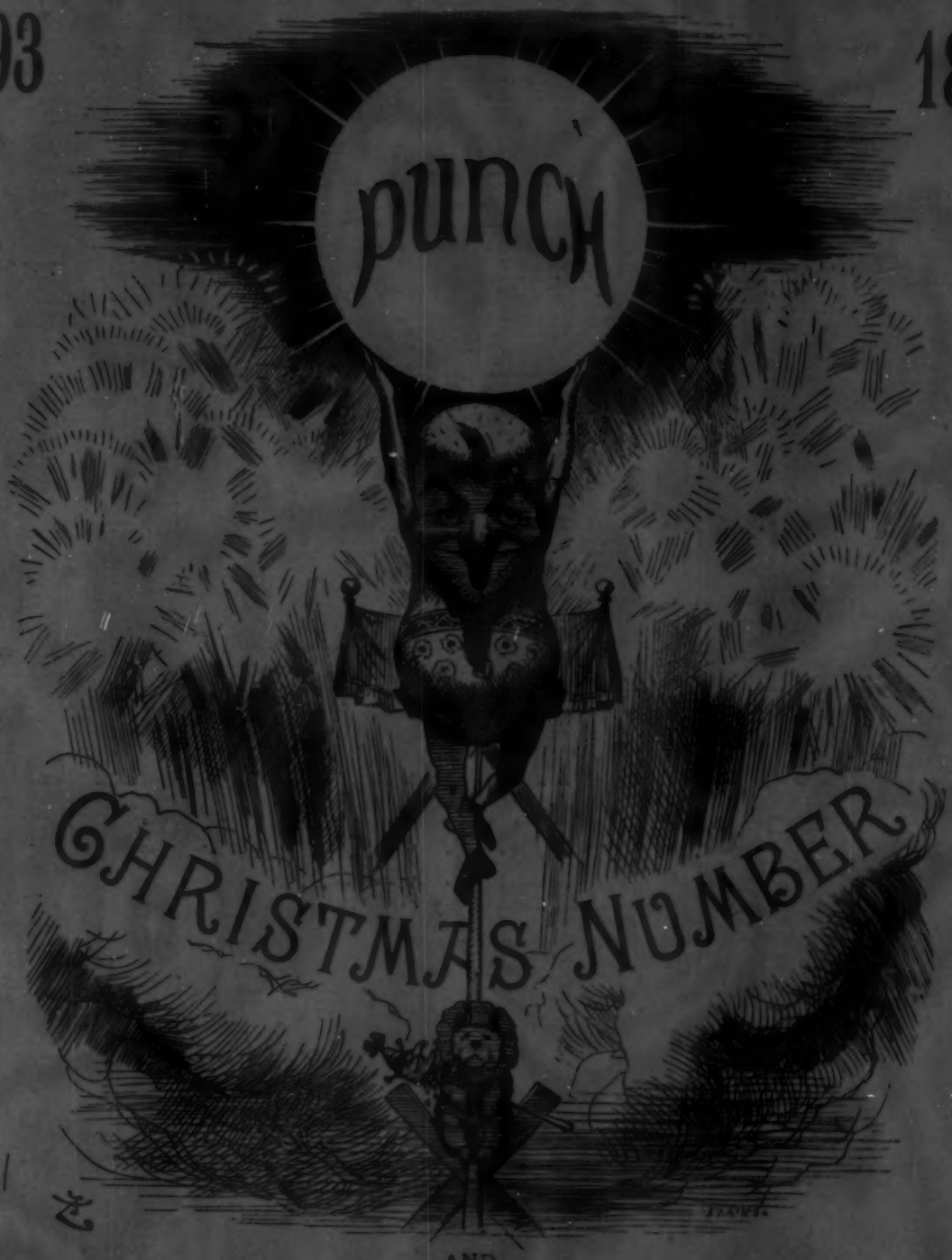
1893 1893



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PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.

THE CALENDAR. 1894.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1 M	N. Year's D.	17 W	Franklin b.
2 T	Abydos t.	1 Th	Prisca
3 W	S. Treble	19 F	Wilt b.
4 Th	Sambourne	20 S	Fabian
5 F	Ed. Conf. d.	21 S	Septuag. S
6 S	Epiphany	22 M	Vincent
7 S	L.S.of Epip.	23 Tu	Pitt d. 1806
8 M	Cam. L.T. b.	24 W	Fat b. 1743
9 Tu	d. r. 6h. 6m.	25 Th	Burns b.
10 W	d. a. 6h. 10m.	26 F	Small dies.
11 Th	Hil. Sit. b.	27 S	J. Gibson d.
12 F	Lavater d.	28 S	Sexag. S.
13 S	Hilary	29 M	Paris capit.
14 S	2S. of Epip.	30 Tu	Chas. I. bhd.
15 M	Oxf. L. T. b	31 W	B. Kratz
16 Tu	B. Cornum		

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1 Th	Ed. Coke b.	15 Th	B. Leiria
2 F	B. Lincoln	16 F	Burke exp.
3 S	Sussex d.	17 S	Braham d.
4 S	Quinqua. S.	18 S	2 S. in Lent
5 M	d. r. 7h. 34 m.	19 M	Copernic. b.
6 Tu	d. a. 6h. 56 m.	20 Tu	J. Hume d.
7 W	Ash. Wed.	21 W	Trinidad t.
8 Th	Hil. qr. Day	22 Th	Ferguson d.
9 F	Bagley m.	23 F	S. Brooks d.
10 S	Q. V. marr.	24 S	Matthias
11 S	1 S. in Lent	25 S	3 S. in Lent
12 M	Collini d.	26 M	T. Moore d.
13 Tu	Revel. 1668	27 Tu	Beaconsfld
14 W	Valentine	28 W	J. Tennisl

MARCH xxxi Days.

1 Th	St. David	17 S	Oxf. L. T. c.
2 F	Wesley d.	18 S	Palm S.
3 S	B. Horton	19 M	Lochmore t.
4 S	4 S. in Lent	20 Tu	Spring com.
5 M	Lepaud b.	21 W	Hil. Sit. c.
6 Tu	Dr. Maurier	22 Th	Cam. L.T. c.
7 W	S.r. 6h. 1 4m.	23 F	Good Frid.
8 Th	S.a. 5h. 55m.	24 S	Q. Eliz. d.
9 F	Cobbett b.	25 S	Easter S.
10 S	Schiller b.	26 M	Bk. Holiday
11 S	5 S. in Lent	27 Tu	James I. d.
12 M	Gr-gory	28 W	D. Allsopp d.
13 Tu	Priestley b.	29 Th	B. Tenton
14 W	Spring sled	30 F	Shell. Vesp.
15 Th	Mendlsoh. d.	31 S	Hay-in b.
16 F	Dr. Kent d.		

APRIL xxx Days.

1 S	Low Sun	16 M	Thiers b.
2 S	Colden d.	17 Tu	R. Collodion
3 Tu	East. Sit. b.	18 W	Gryant d.
4 W	S.r. 5h. 55m.	19 Th	J. Jefferies d.
5 Th	S.a. 6h. 38 m.	20 F	Spa. S. dies.
6 F	O. Lady-Day	21 S	Sp. Hebor b.
7 S	Wedsrch. b.	22 S	4 S. of Easr.
8 S	1 S. of Easr.	23 M	St. George
9 M	Fire Ins. c.	24 Tu	Defoe d.
10 Tu	Hazlitt b.	25 W	Pr. Alice b.
11 W	Canning d.	26 Th	Krupp b.
12 Th	Young d.	27 F	Gibbon b.
13 F	Handel d.	28 S	B. Tuns
14 S	Pr. Bank b.	29 S	Repeiton S.
15 S	2 S. of. Easr.	30 M	Filz r y d.

MAY xxxi Days

1 Tu	S.r. 4h. 16m.	17 Th	Tallyrd. d.
2 W	S.a. 7h. 35m.	1 F	Boswell d.
3 Th	Holy Thurs.	19 S	Dunstan
4 F	Spring. tide.	20 S	Trin. Sun.
5 S	Nap. I. d.	21 M	Cunnyare
6 S	3 S. of Easter.	22 Tu	Dumas b.
7 M	Nap. I. Col.	23 W	M. Lemon d.
8 Tu	Le Sage b.	24 Th	Q. Vict. b.
9 W	Hf. qr. Day	25 F	Fr. Bell b.
10 Th	Turgot b.	26 S	Dr. York b.
11 F	East. Sit. c.	27 S	1 Sn. af. Tr.
12 S	Allt. Mem. c	28 M	W. Pitt b.
13 S	Whit Sun.	29 Tu	Chas. II. res.
14 M	St. Hotsher	30 W	Pope d.
15 Tu	O'Connell d.	31 Th	B. Palissby
16 W	B. Allbutt		

JUNE xxx Days.

1 F	Howe's vic.	16 S	J. Wesley b.
2 S	Harvey b.	17 S	4 Sn. af. Tr.
3 S	1 Sn. af. Tr.	18 M	Waterloo
4 M	S. Magents	19 Tu	B. Warren
5 Tu	S.r. 3h. 46m.	20 W	Q. Vic. Ac.
6 W	S.a. 7h. 35m.	21 Th	Summer s.
7 Th	B. Brivan	22 F	Hayden d.
8 F	D. Jerrold d.	23 S	R. Pinsey
9 S	Pasion d.	24 S	5 Sn. af. Tr.
10 S	2 Sn. af. Tr.	25 M	R. Alfrida
11 M	Barnabas	26 Tu	Geo. IV. d.
12 Tu	B. Wilton	27 W	Caius tho.
13 W	Hastings bhd.	28 Th	Q. Vict. ac.
14 Th	B. Rugby	29 F	St. Peter
15 F	Mag. Charta	30 S	Rosses d.

JULY xxxi Days.

1 S	6 Sn. af. Tr.	17 Tu	Punch b. '41
2 M	B. Paul d.	18 W	Shenick d.
3 Tu	S.r. 3h. 56m.	19 Th	Petrarch d.
4 W	S. a. 7h. 17m.	20 F	Margaret
5 Th	Pr. Hol. m.	21 S	B. Burns d.
6 F	D. York m.	22 S	9 Sn. af. Tr.
7 S	J. Hass tt.	23 M	Lynet b.
8 S	7 Sn. af. Tr.	24 Tu	Gibral. tkn.
9 M	Fire Ins. co.	25 W	St. James
10 Tu	Bp. Fell d.	26 Th	K. Otho d.
11 W	B. Ondon.	27 F	Talavera
12 Th	B. Agbrim	28 S	Robesp. exe.
13 F	D. Orleans d.	29 S	10 Sn. af. Tr.
14 S	Bastile dss.	30 M	W. Penn d.
15 S	8 Sn. af. Tr.	31 Tu	I. Loyola d.
16 M	Bonnger d.		

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1 W	Lammas	17 F	Ad. Blake d.
2 Th	B. Rome	1 S	B. Sprot
3 F	Bros. Pk. c.	19 S	13 S. af. Tr.
4 S	Cycle Sun. c.	20 M	Saragoss
5 S	11 S. af. Tr.	21 Tu	Mehelet d.
6 M	Bk. Holiday	22 W	B. Bosworth
7 Tu	Q. Carol. d.	23 Th	Wallace bd.
8 W	Gerny b.	24 F	S. Bartholo.
9 Th	S.r. 4h. 37m.	25 S	J. Watt d.
10 F	S.a. 7h. 39m.	26 S	14 S. af. Tr.
11 S	Half Quar.	27 M	Thomson d.
12 S	12 S. af. Tr.	28 Tu	B. Leipsic
13 M	O. Lammas	29 W	Jos. Sp. bh.
14 Tu	Bd. Clyde d.	30 Th	Paley b.
15 W	W. Scott b.	31 F	Bunyan d.
16 Th	B. Camden		

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1 S	Part. sh. c.	16 M	17 S. af. Tr.
2 S	15 S. af. Tr.	17 M	Lambert
3 M	Cromwell d.	18 Tu	Gen. I. lnd.
4 Tu	W. Lawson b	19 W	B. Poitiers
5 W	S.r. 5h. 32m.	20 Th	S. of Alnus
6 Th	S.a. 6h. 36m.	21 F	St. Matth.
7 F	Bonnerbus	22 S	Vingt d.
8 S	Nat. B. V. M.	23 S	18 S. af. Tr.
9 S	16 S. af. Tr.	24 M	B. Butler d.
10 M	B. Quesney	25 Tu	Powon d.
11 Tu	S. of Delhi	26 W	St. Cyprian
12 W	O. P. Rhode	27 Th	B. Caldoz
13 Th	C. J. Fox d.	28 F	Nimpolis
14 F	Holy Cross	29 S	Mich. Dog
15 S	B. Saighur	30 S	19 S. af. Tr.

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

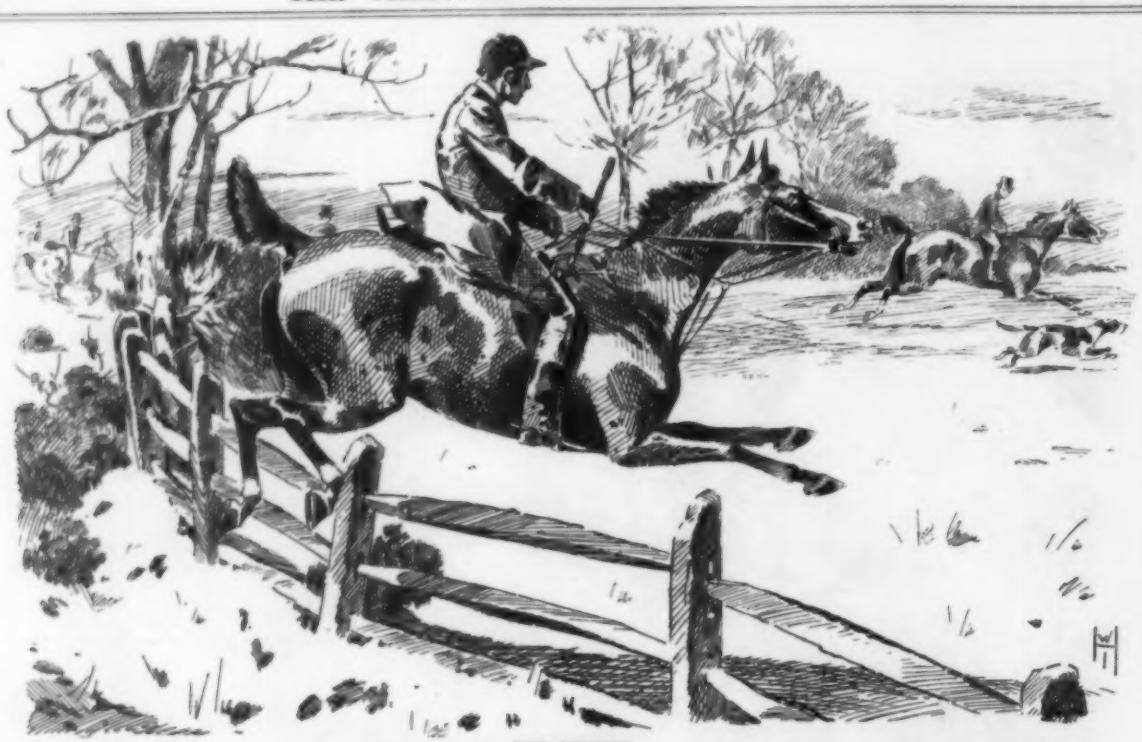
1 M	Cam. N.T. b.	17 W	Ethelbrede
2 Tu	Arago d.	1 Th	St. Luke
3 W	Albert d.	19 F	Kneller d.
4 Th	Guizot b.	20 S	B. Navarine
5 F	S. r. 6h. 5m.	21 S	22 S. af. Tr.
6 S	S.a. 5h. 50m.	22 M	B. Edge Hill
7 S	20 S. af. Tr.	23 Tu	Irish Rob.
8 M	B. Antioch	24 W	F. Leigh d.
9 Tu	St. Denys	25 Th	St. Crispin
10 W	Oxf. N.T. b.	26 F	Beaton b.
11 Th	Old Mic. D.	27 S	Metz capit.
12 F	American d.	28 S	5 S. af. Tr.
13 S	Bradlaw y d.	29 M	J. Leech d.
14 S	21 S. af. Tr.	30 Tu	Sheridan b.
15 M	Worst shot	31 W	All Hallows
16 Tu	G. Bentheys		

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1 Th	All Saints	16 F	J. Bright b.
2 F	All Souls	17 S	Hugh Sp. b.
3 S	S. r. 6h. 35m.	18 S	26 S. af. Tr.
4 S	24 S. af. Tr.	19 M	B. Arnold
5 M	K. Ingbram.	20 Tu	L. Elgin d.
6 Tu	S.a. 4h. 35m.	21 W	J. Hogg d.
7 W	B. Meetlan	22 Th	St. Cecilia
8 Th	Milton d.	23 F	St. Clement.
9 F	F. of Wis. b.	24 S	J. Knox d.
10 S	St. Luther b.	25 S	27 S. af. Tr.
11 S	25 S. af. Tr.	26 M	Grial d.
12 M	Baxter b.	27 Tu	Dub. Tosh b.
13 Tu	Brittlia	28 W	Stanna d.
14 W	Lutherb d.	29 Th	Burnsn i b.
1 Th	Machestus	30 F	St. Andrew

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 S	Pre. Wis. b.	16 S	Gal. N. T. c.
2 S	1 S. in Adv.	1 Tu	Grimaldi b.
3 M	S.r. 7h. 40m.	18 W	Cam. N.T.c.
4 Tu	R. obelisc d.	19 Th	B. Victoria
5 W	Mozart d.	1 F	St. Thomas
6 Th	S.a. 3h. 50m.	2 S	Wint. Q. b.
7 F	Ney shot	3 S	4 S. in Adv.
8 S	Baxter d.	4 M	Christ. Eve
9 S	2 S. in Adv.	5 Tu	Christ. Day
10 M	Milton b.	6 W	St. Holiday
11 Tu	Jno. Gay d.	7 Th	bhd. John
12 W	Cibber d.	8 F	Innocents
13 Th	St. Lucy	9 S	Gladstone b
14 F	P. Cons. d.	10 S	1 S. af. Chr.
15 S	I. Walton d.	11 M	Gambetta d.
16 S	3 S. in Adv.		



STRAIGHT.

Huntsman (to Boy, who is riding his Second Horse). "HI, THERE! WHAT THE DOOSE ARE YER DOIN' OF WITH THAT SECOND 'OSS?"
Boy (Irish, and only just come to the Hunt Stables from a Racing Establishment). "ARRAH THIN, IF OI ROIDES OI ROIDES TO WIN! AND DIVIL A SECOND IS HE GOIN' TO BE AT ALL, AT ALL!!"

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

CHRISTMAS brings
Holidays,
Ripping things
I can praise;
See me cram
Tarts and sweets,
Mince pies, jam,
Awful treats.
Such tuck shops in
London streets!

THE STOUT MAN.

Christmas! O
Hateful time!
Rain and snow,
Ice and rime.
Slip about,
Tumble down;
Man, when stout,
Ain't a clown.
Skate? What, break
the ice and drown?

THE SUPERIOR YOUTH.

Christmas! Some
He'll entrance.
Rot! Now come
I don't dance.
Shouldn't try;
Though you've seen
Men like I,
Aged eighteen,
Skip and caper—they
were green.

NOCTURNE IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

PATERFAMILIAS.

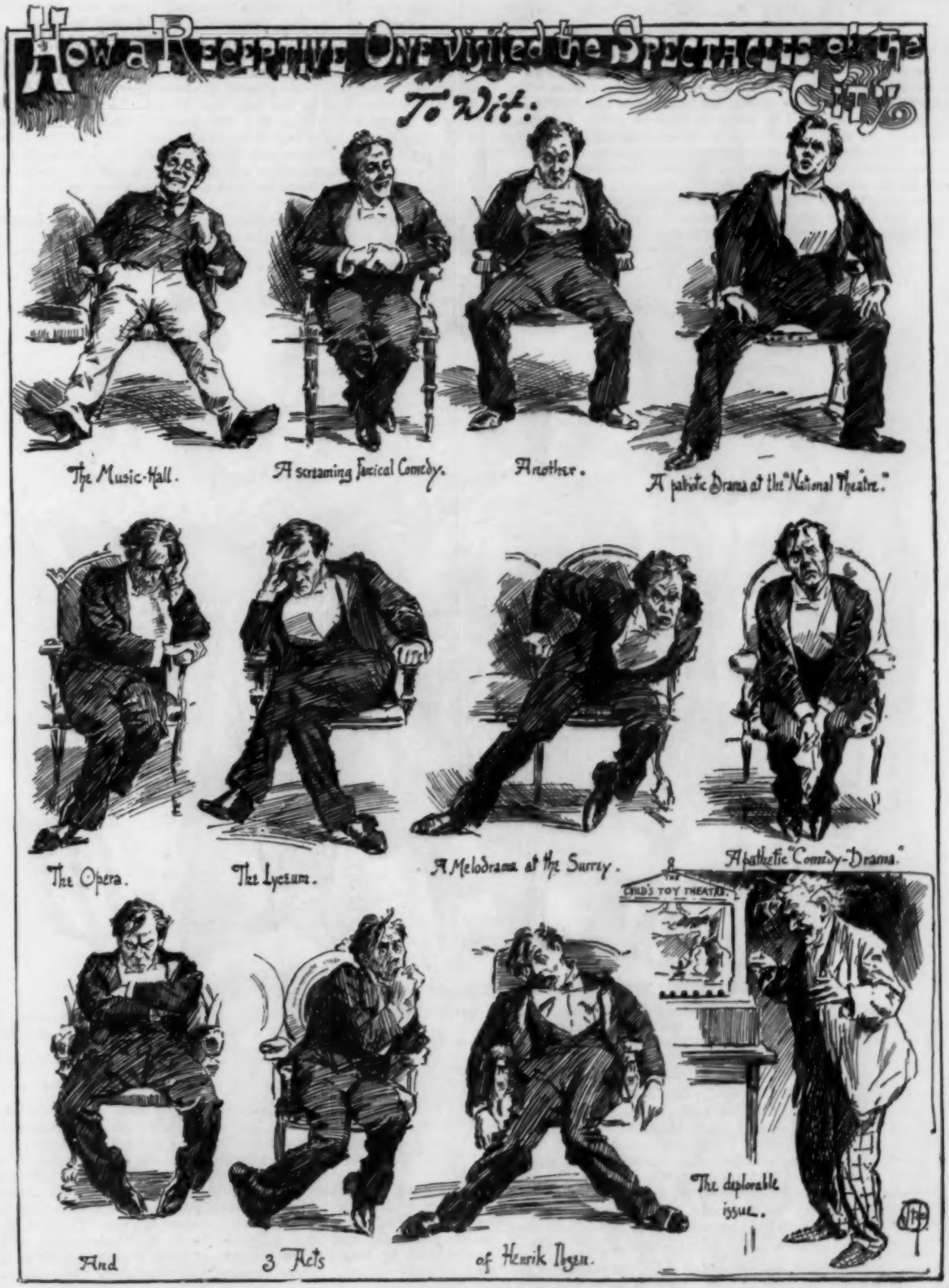
Christmas, you
Harass me;
Rent is due
I can see;
School Board rates;
Taxes. Eh?
Man that waits—
Acc. to pay?
Such a spending day
by day!

THE ELDERLY CHARMER.

Christmas—done,
Had its day!
Romping fun
Is, men say,
Silly—so
They must deem
Mistletoe.
All men seem
Simply scared by love's
young dream.

THE DYSPEPTIC.

Christmas fare
Hence! A treat
Rich and rare?
I can't eat
Simple beef,
Turkey roast;
Mince pies—grief!
At the most
Shall I take some plain
dry toast.


How a Receptive One visited the Spectacles of the City.
To Wit:
The Music-Hall.
A screaming Farcical Comedy.
Another.
A pathetic Drama at the "National Theatre."
The Opera.
The Lyceum.
A Melodrama at the Surrey.
A pathetic "Comedy-Drama."
THE CHILD'S TOY THEATRE.
The deplorable issue.
And
3 Acts
of Henrik Ibsen.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

HIS NINETY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ADDRESS.

YET once more, Reader, doth OLD PODLER assume his prophetic pen and essay to probe the unfathomable veil of Futurity! He is not so young as he used to be, and the early date at which this Almanack goes to press renders his task more arduous than what it has been in the habit of being in days of yore. Consequently, this year he will not attempt to forecast coming events for the entire Universe as on previous occasions, but intends to restrict his vision entirely to the destinies of the great Metropolis in which he pursues his scientific avocations. Readers are kindly requested *not* to call upon OLD PODLER at the *Punch* office, as he does not reside there, and it only worries the Proprietors, and might terminate in his services being abruptly dispensed with. But to our task.

January.—At the period of Lunation Jupiter will be setting in the middle of Scorpio, the end of which will be rising, when Jupiter will be himself in the ascendant, which OLD PODLER very much fears presignifies grave internal complications in the mechanism of the Automatic Sweetmeat Machines at one or more of the principal Underground Railway Stations. Uranus, in a quartile aspect with the Sun and Moon, now plagues Piccadilly and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known Arcade with chickenpox. Jupiter approaching Taurus is fraught with evil for the Clown at Drury Lane Pantomime and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who are warned to abstain from acidulated drops. Male persons whose birth occurred between ten and seventeen years ago may expect towards the end of the month a complete change in their habits and surroundings, and—unless OLD PODLER is greatly deceived—the change will *not* be for the better.

"IN WHICH THE WHOLE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY WILL APPEAR."

Stage Manager at Amateur Rehearsal (interrupting). "STOP A MINUTE—THAT WON'T DO AT ALL! THIS IS OUR LAST REHEARSAL, YOU KNOW, AND WE *MUST* GET IT RIGHT. WHEN *SIR HILARY* ENTERS, AND SAYS, 'SURRENDER YOUR LOVELY BURDEN, MY LORD!' *ARAMINTA* HAS FAINTED, AND *LORD SANSPOT* IS CARRYING HER IN HIS ARMS INTO THE COTTAGE. NOW THEN, AGAIN, PLEASE!"

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"Jan. 1. M. Queen's Taxes, &c., due."—*First Entry in Almanack for* 1894.

BILLS *due* were falling fast, my cash appeared to sink,
I heard the bell, pulled hard, go tinkle-tinkle-tink!
And looking out o' window, I gloomily espied
A smart Queen's-Tax Collector, with ink-horn at his side.
"What ails thee, man?" I cried. "Why pull so at my bell?"
The man's response like lead upon my spirit fell:
"'Appy New Year!" he smirked; "and many on 'em too!
I've called for the Queen's Taxes, which same to-day falls due!"

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS. (*By an enthusiast for long days.*)—It's never too late to end. Fire in haste and vent your displeasure (on your gun).

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

February.—The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Herschel will all be in the 5th house together, which being so fully occupied, we may expect grave scandals affecting a certain institution which OLD PODLER does not feel himself at liberty to particularise more fully. Venus in the 3rd will trouble the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, which will be the object of anonymous letters attacking its respectability. About the middle of the month there will be an epidemic of swine fever in the Lowther Arcade. Parliament will re-assemble, and the neighbourhood of Westminster will be startled by some serious escapes of gas in the immediate vicinity. The passage of Uranus through Leo convulses Clapham to its foundations.

Weather sultry, with frosts (locally).

PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—PRIMEVAL BILLIARDS.

PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—THE FIRST HANSOM.

HARCOURTIANA.

["In pursuance of the mission undertaken in the middle of the last century we have reached the district of the New Forest, and have availed ourselves of the opportunity of examining, collating, and editing the rich store of historical MS. garnered by the eminent statesman whose career shed lustre on the closing years of the reign of VICTORIA. The student familiar with the style and method of the Duc de la ROCHEFOUCAULD, will probably observe in the essays we have rescued from obscurity some evidence of that philosopher's influence. But the Squire of MALWOOD, though an apt pupil, was a master spirit, and his axioms are all his own." —*Extract from the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. presented to Parliament in the Session of* 1993.]

MR. PUNCH, as usual up to date, and occasionally (as in this instance) a century ahead of it, has had the good fortune to secure an advance copy of this Report, from which he is permitted to make a few excerpts. They will be found scattered over succeeding pages as salt is sprinkled over a salad.

The desire of not appearing to be a person of ability sometimes prevents our acquiring that reputation. Modesty should be the Handmaid, not the Mistress, of Capacity.—*Harcourt MS.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky
May proclaim a hunting morning.
But I don't heed the mad "proclamation," not I!
To my pet easy-chair and the fireside *I* fly,
"The horn," and the rest of it scorning.
To the wind and the wet fools may show a brave front,
But I 'm happy to say I am "not in the hunt!"

"TAKEN AND OFF."

JONES, MUCH ANNOYED AT HIS DUCKING, HAS THE EXTRA IRRITATION OF FINDING HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF INTEREST TO AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

March will—so far as OLD PODLER is enabled to decipher the voices of the stars correctly, which, at his age and experience, he *ought* to it—be a singularly quiet and uneventful month. Jupiter, he is sorry to say, will be elevated, and Mars in an Oriental position; but this, on the whole, is unimportant. Nevertheless it would not surprise OLD PODLER to find Primrose Hill developing, on or about the 10th, into an active volcano, while the passage of Mars through Capricorn will not improbably produce a simoom on the Serpentine. The Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain is still under the ban of Venus.

LINES BY A LOGICALLY-MINDED MAN.

ONE advertising formula my fancy always tickles;
'Tis "If you like the Kibosh Sauce, try the Kibosh Pickles!"
It seems ridiculous advice to give a man and brother,
To tell him if he likes *one* thing, to up and eat—*another!*

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

April.—Aquarius, ascending, meets Taurus, and retrogrades into the 1st house. There will be an eclipse of the moon, but as it will only be a very small one, and invisible from anywhere, OLD PODLER does not consider its influence likely to be generally felt. We may therefore hope for a considerable reduction in the price of Anglo-Dutch oysters. The London season now commences, and several fashionable pickpockets and thoroughfares will be taken up. Venus, lady of the 10th, in the 7th, denotes a startling innovation in the costume of the fair sex. OLD PODLER devoutly trusts that a return to the Crinoline is not hereby indicated; but he is bound in candour to confess that the celestial aspects are rather significant that way. Choristers, Crowned Heads, and Chiropodists, born when Scorpio held one of the extremities of Gemini, should shun orange-peel and penny ices.

HARCOURTIANA.—Few of us are able to know all the good we do.—*Extract from the Harcourt MS.*

THE SLIDING-SCALE.

(A TALE OF DEALERS' PRICES.)

1. "Eh?" said the Curio-Dealer. "*Take half-a-crown for that plate?*' Couldn't do it; must turn a penny over it. Half-a-crown's exactly what I gave for it myself. Now, if you like to say three-and-six——" But the Wayfarer wouldn't say three-and six, so the Dealer kept that plate.

2. And another Wayfarer came along and wanted that plate. "What? *Sell it for five pounds?*" said the Dealer. "No; couldn't do it. Five pound's just what it cost *me;* say seven-ten, now——" But the second Wayfarer failed to say seven-ten, and passed out of our story.

3. Then there came an American Millionaire. "Ah, that's the finest plate in Europe!" said the Dealer. "I can't sell that under a lot of money. Eh? *A thousand pounds?* Couldn't do it, Sir! Why, I paid just that for it myself. Now, if you had said fifteen hundred——" And that Millionaire *did* say fifteen hundred, and secured the prize.

4. Well, somehow that plate subsequently fell into the possession of Jones. And when poor Jones came down in the world he thought he'd try to sell that plate. "Eh, what?" said the Dealer. "*Give you eighteen-pence for that old plate?* Pooh. Why I had it here once, and I sold it for a shilling then. If you like to make it ninepence——"

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

May.—It is not OLD PODLER's desire to croak—far from it! but the more he looks at the planets for this month, the less he likes them. The opposition of the Sun with Uranus is fraught with evil for Peckham Rye. There will be a serious outbreak of black-beetles at Balham, Bermondsey, and Brixton. Saturn afflicts the Editor of *Smart Snippets*, who, after attempting to poison himself with paste, severs his throat with the fatal shears. About the first week in this month there will be weeping and wailing in Art Circles, and, a little later, the Strand will be overrun with Clergymen, of various theological persuasions, from the country. The 13th is an unfortunate day for Hatters, Haymakers, Harbingers, and Hairdressers; the 12th favourable for Fruiterers and Physicians asking favours. Chimney-sweepers and Christy Minstrels, born on or about the 21st, should avoid females, and keep very quiet. Altogether an anxious month.

WEATHER WISDOM.

WHY are the seasons out of tune,
Mild in March and chill in June?
Why should April be so dry,
When 'tis drenching all July?
Why should January's raw gust
Miss its month, and spoil our August?
Why should old November's fog
Full three months our pathway dog?
Why?—but hush these wild and whirling cries!
The weather-wise can't answer weather *whys!*

HARCOURTIANA.

A MAN who finds no satisfaction in contemplation of himself will seek for it in vain elsewhere.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

A LITTLE QUIET WHIST IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
THE END OF THE GAME.

WEATHER WISDOM.

YES, Corners *are* snug things—in corn, or in coal,
At your favourite club with the friend of your soul;
In a well-preserved wood where the birds are not wild;
In Beauty's boudoir, when on you she has smiled;
By a brisk winter fire with your favourite book;
In a shy Thames backwater, where chub you can hook,
Or angle for—hearts with some sweet fishermaid!
Yes, Corners *are* nice in Love, Sport, Talk, or Trade;
But Heaven preserve us—in mid-age at least—
From *street* corners—in MARCH—with the wind in the east!

HARCOURTIANA.

As I have sometimes remarked to my young friend ASQUITH, it requires no small degree of ability to know how to conceal it.—*Extract from the Harcourt MS.*

Nothing is more natural, and at the same time more fallacious, than to believe oneself the most popular man in a legislative assembly.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

A Mem. in March.

A PECK of March dust is worth a king's ransom.
And you 'll gather it oft in one mile—in a Hansom;
But 'tis doubtful if you 'd find JEHU willing
To take the king's ransom in place of his shilling!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

June.—The conjunction of the Sun with Neptune, and the appearance of Mars in Pisces will disturb the denizens of Holloway, Hammersmith, and Homerton, and produce changes in Chelsea and Canonbury. It is also OLD PODLER's painful duty to predict disaster in Dulwich, which will most probably assume an entirely unexpected shape. On the second Sunday of this month persons in Society attending Church Parade will be startled by an eccentric exhibition, which will form the subject of considerable comment. The retrogradation of Saturn in Libra causes the production of a new halfpenny evening paper, of a characteristic and highly peculiar colour, edited by a well-known journalist.

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Special Certificates of Merit

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of the World.

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SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.
GOLD MEDAL.
Internat'nal Health Exhibition.

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"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' "PERFECTED" Cod-liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*
"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."

Manufactured at ALLEN & HANBURYS' Norwegian Factories, from FRESH and SELECTED Livers ONLY. It can be borne and digested by the most delicate. It is the only Oil which does not "repeat," and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use.

In Capsuled Bottles only, bearing A. & H.'s signature, at 1/4, 2/6, 4/9, & 9/-.

Bynin LIQUID MALT.—"This is a highly diastasic Malt Extract of very agreeable taste. . . . We find that one ounce of BYNIN will digest perfectly one pound of Starch. This is a most favourable result, and, coupled with the fluidity and pleasant flavour, renders this preparation a most valuable one."—*Lancet.*

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"IZAL"

"IZAL" stops Cholera, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. Can be used with great economy. Sold by Chemists and others in large bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and gallon tins, 10s. Sample bottle or tin sent, Carriage Free in the United Kingdom, for Postal Order.

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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

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Matured in SHERRY CASKS & GUARANTEED.

A Case containing 12 Bottles (2 Gallons) of this genuine Old Scotch SENT CARRIAGE PAID to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of remittance.

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80, West Regent St. GLASGOW

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Cresolene is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant at present known.

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THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE U.B.B.C., OR, "UNITED BIRDS AND BEASTS' CLUB."

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"

1. It was Christmas Eve, and my first evening at the Cedars. A Masher was there who sang to the banjo. Miss Gilpin asked him for "*The Lost Chord.*" He said it wasn't a banjo-song—the prig! I hated him. So did Mr. Gilpin. Mrs. Gilpin didn't.

2. I ran home to my studio in Heath Street, calling out, "Oh, Miss Gilpin! oh, Vera! oh, angel!" For my fate had overtaken me. It was love at first sight, and for ever. There was no mistake about that, anyhow!

3. I sat and mused by the fire. Ah! what lost chord wouldn't *I* have found to please Vera! Banjo, indeed! I'd have sung it on a small tooth-comb. Just then there was a ring at the bell, and I went down

4. Mr. Gilpin was there, with two horses and the banjo. He said he'd got me an engagement to sing "*The Lost Chord*" at the Albert Hall, and that Vera would be there and all the best people in London.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"

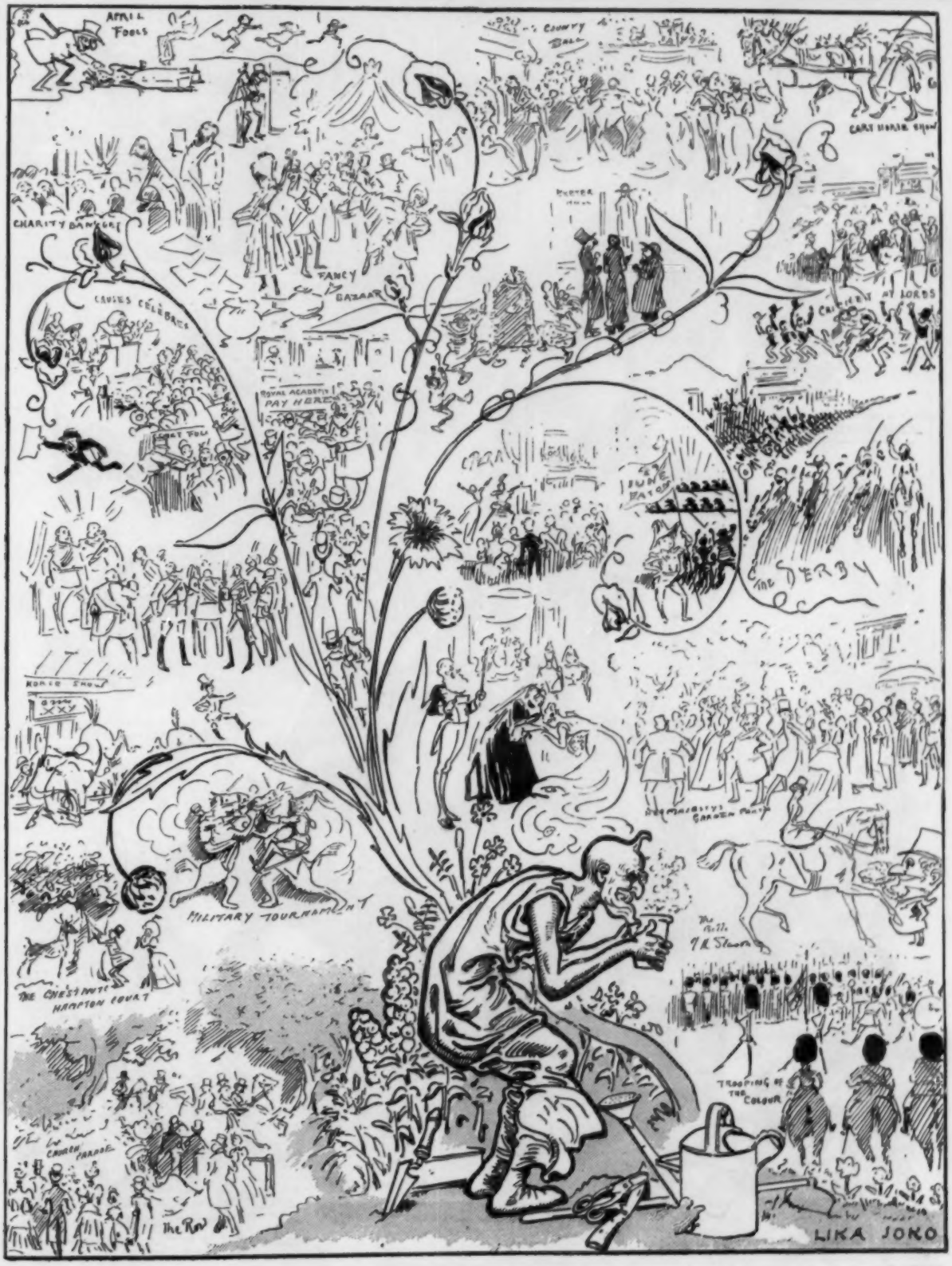
5 So into the midnight we galloped apace, and after many perilous adventures and hairbreadth 'scapes we reached the Albert Hall. There were big posters, and my name on them in large red letters—"Thomas Noddy, Esq." Fame at last!

6. There were miles of carriages, and we had quite a difficulty in getting in. Officious policemen, and all that. We rode over them.

7. Lots of people came by as I waited, and looked at me with sympathetic curiosity and wonder—just the sort of thing I like. Such lovely women, too, but none so lovely as Vera. Presently who should come by but the Prince and all his equerries.

8. I was presented, and His Royal Highness was most kind and courteous. He had come all the way to hear me sing "*The Lost Chord.*" [*Continued at p. 20.*

HARDY ANNUALS.



HARDY ANNUALS.

PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

MR. PUNCH IN FAIRYLAND—A MI

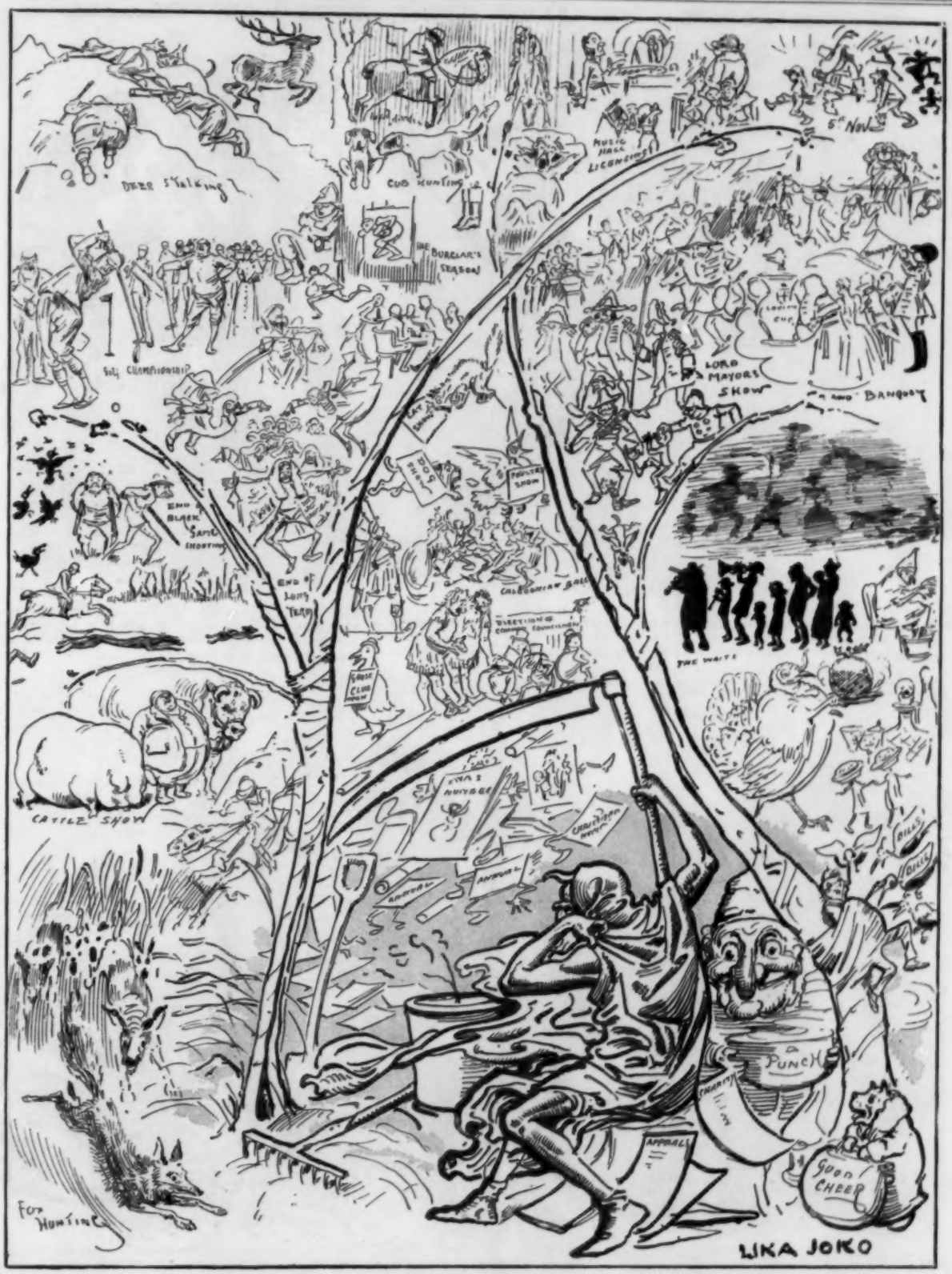
"WEAVING SPIDERS, COME NOT HERE: | BEETLES

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BEETLES BLACK, APPROACH NOT NEAR."—SHAKSPEARE.

PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

HARDY ANNUALS.



HARDY ANNUALS.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"

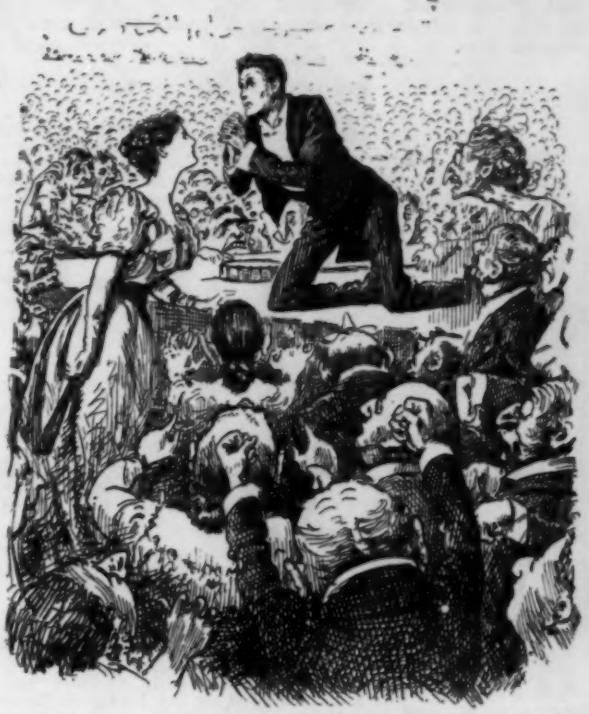
9. Vera came by with her mother and the prig. She was much surprised I was going to sing. She didn't even know I knew how. I told her I was going to sing "*The Lost Chord*" to the *banjo*—for *her!* She gave me *such* a look! My heart swelled with love and courage.

10. Sir F. Leighton came by. I asked him if he happened to know "*The Lost Chord.*" He told me it began "Seated one day at the organ," and that was all he knew! Not much, but every little helps.

11. Sir Arthur Sullivan came by. I asked him if *he* happened to know "*The Lost Chord*," and he kindly whistled it to me. I thought it a pretty tune, but very difficult, and felt rather nervous.

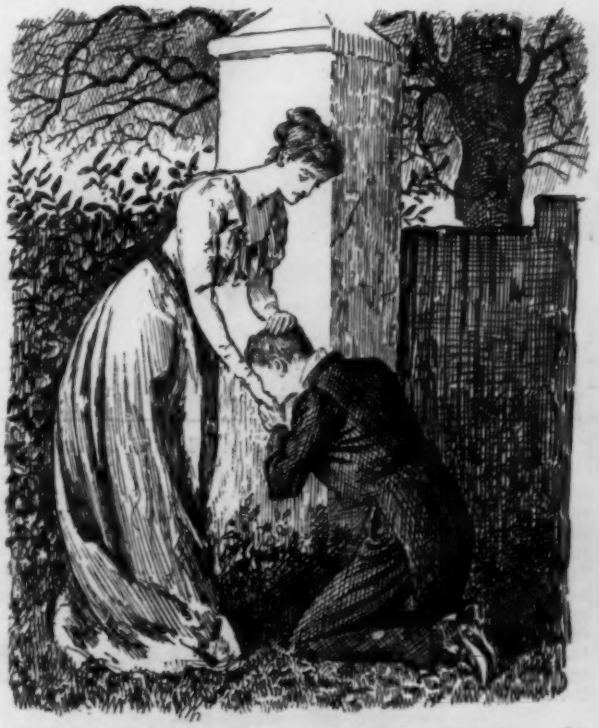
12. On the platform I was introduced by the two chairmen (Sir John Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema). I had no bow, and forgot if one used a bow to the banjo or not, and suddenly realised the horror of my position, and broke into a cold sweat, and all but fainted.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



13. Suddenly Vera beckoned to me. I fell on my knees and told her I had never sung a note in all my life, and didn't know "*The Lost Chord*," and couldn't play the banjo a bit. She took my hand and said, "Let us fly!"

14. So off we ran for our lives, downstairs, up Knightsbridge, through Seven Dials, and by Haverstock Hill to Hampstead, skimming the ground with long easy steps, and talking. It was bliss, bliss, bliss, from beginning to end!



15. When we reached the Cedars she told me I must have been mad to attempt "*The Lost Chord*" before such a critical audience without having learnt it first, but that she loved me for it. I knelt and kissed her hand. Oh! the rapture!

16. I ran home and jumped into bed and fell asleep, but woke (on Christmas morn) all of a heap, in evening dress, opposite an empty grate. It was all a dream, alas! Only a dream! But what 's the odds? Vera and I are now man and wife!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

July.—Mercury rising produces a change of weather, which OLD PODLER is disposed to think will be an improvement. Neptune now approaches the meridian, where Virgo, leaving Mars, joins him with Gemini; so we may anticipate increased prosperity to four-wheel cabs, railway porters, and wooden spade manufacturers. The heat will be intense, and there will be great activity among large blue flies, and much distress at Madame TUSSAUD'S. OLD PODLER is proud to predict that, some time in this month, an event will transpire which will redound to the honour and glory of the nation at large, while shedding a thrill of joy throughout the circumference of the City and its suburbs. Notwithstanding which, the parties chiefly concerned are warned to keep a wary eye on Saturn, who may upset their horoscopes, though OLD PODLER is of opinion that nothing particular may be expected to come of it. Still, "Forewarned is forearmed," and no prophet worthy the name could refrain from dropping a friendly hint under the circumstances.

WEATHER WISDOM.

MARCH winds and April showers
Brings forth May at which one cowers!

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(*For Driven Partridges*).—First come first swerved. He who plays eye-wiper must not fire too soon.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

1. Johnson and Thomson hired a couple of Crocks, and went hunting.

2. The Meet was at the "Blue Bear," and our Sportsmen took the opportunity to lay in a good supply of jumping powder.

3. Johnson led at the first fence, with Thomson close behind.

4. The result of the jumping powder.

5. "'Stordinary thing," murmured Thomson. "Could have sworn I fell off, and that my horse was white! Never mind. 'Spose it's all ri'!"

6. "Now that's a rum go!" exclaimed Johnson. "Felt certain my horse came with me, and that he was a black 'un!"

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

(*With an Up-to-date Moral.*)

TO THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

"PUSSY Cat, Pussy Cat, where *have* you been?"
"I've been laid aside, neither felt, heard, nor seen."
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?"
"Dreamed I was larrupping bullies' backs, *bare!*"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, you're needed sore.
Brutes, wife-beaters, burglars, prevail more and more."
"*My* nine-tails are ready—you wake up the Law!"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, tip me your paw!"

HARCOURTIANA.—It is not enough to have great qualities. We must induce others to recognise their existence.—*Harcourt MS.*

The mental pleasures of the truly great are limited. They cannot always be thinking of themselves.—*Harcourt MS.*

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

August—Jupiter now enters the tropic of Cancer, and is in sextile aspect with Mars, the Sun forming the trine, which denotes that the Proprietor of a certain celebrated Pill will be in trouble or ill-health, and a distinguished Crossing-sweeper will succumb (unless he is very careful) to the relentless shafts of the King of Terrors. OLD PODLER dreads to hear also of increased mortality amongst shrimps and shellfish generally. Persons under five foot two, whose birthday falls on or about the 18th, are advised to beware of tinned lobster. An uneventful month otherwise, except that it is not at all unlikely that a Marine Monster, generally supposed to be extinct, will be observed, if not actually secured, on the Thames Embankment close to the Savoy Hotel.

HARCOURTIANA.—It is a sign of extraordinary merit when those who most envy its possession are accustomed to depreciate its manifestation.—*Harcourt MS.*

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BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

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MUSTARD PAPER

OR MUSTARD LEAVES,

FOR PLASTERS.

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THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, and of

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists.

413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

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London Medical Record.

Already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute.

ALLEN AND HANBURYS' INFANTS' FOOD.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone.

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Sung by MR. IVER M'KAY.

The greatest success of modern times.

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THE SONG OF THE SEASON.

DREAM MEMORIES WALTZ.

By THEO BONHEUR.

A delicious and dreamy waltz. Splendid to dance to. Quite irresistible. Very easy to play.

The greatest success of modern times.

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OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

September.—Mars becomes stationary in Taurus, and the position of Saturn is, OLD PODLER deeply regrets to say, very evil. It is more than probable that the month will witness a marked development of insanity and perhaps suicide amongst London sparrows, and OLD PODLER fancies he sees something of a highly peculiar nature taking place in a locality which shall be nameless at present. He hopes his more advanced students will be able to read between the lines, and comprehend the true import and grave significance of this prediction, despite the halo of obscurity with which he has thought it best to shroud it from the uninitiated.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

October.—The conjunction of the planet Herschel with the Star South Scale, together with the sextile aspect of Saturn with regard to Aries, denotes a stir in the Stock Exchange and a return of prosperity to the hot chestnut interest. King Death will be busy with his scythe among the 'bus horses, myriads of whom will perish miserably from pink-eye, and Capricornus, being in Leo, afflicts the umbrella trade.

ADAPTED PROVERB FOR SHOOTERS.—(*To a "tailored" bird.*)—Once hit, why fly?

THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE. (A TRAJET DE COME-DY.)

Newly-married Wife (on her honeymoon on the Italian Lakes). "WHAT IS IT TROUBLING YOU, DARLING? A FEW MINUTES AGO WE WERE SO HAPPY, AND NOW IT SEEMS AS IF SOME COLD SHADOW HAD SPRUNG UP BETWEEN US. SILVIE WANTS TO KNOW ALL HER ERNEST'S SECRETS—WON'T HE TELL HER?" [*But Ernest dare not tell her, what he has just realised, that, during the last interlude, an Oar has slipped away, the Steamer is coming round the Point, and the table d'hôte bell is ringing!*

WEATHER WISDOM.

OUR weather cannot be so bad
Though ceaselessly we slate and leather it.
It makes us sad, it drives us mad,
Yet we somehow contrive to weather it!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

November.—It is not often that OLD PODLER has to own himself nonplussed; but, upon his honour, he does not know quite *what* to say concerning this particular month. Were he to disclose all he perceives, he might terrify his readers, without accomplishing any tangible benefit, it not being in OLD PODLER's power to stay the dread decree of Destiny, or trip up the advancing Finger of Fate one jot or tittle! Still, really, what with Saturn entering Scorpio, and Mars becoming stationary in Aries and the luminaries in trine, OLD PODLER cannot disguise his conviction that we are going to have rather a time of it. Jupiter changes his sign, which denotes that there will be a devolution, on or about the 9th, of the most exalted dignity in London's vast city. OLD PODLER sees processions, and much cheering, followed by explosions in various districts on the 5th, but he trusts it will turn out that the Anarchist has not had his cloven hoof in it, nor yet Fenians. It is by no means improbable that this month may witness atmospherical phenomena of a marked character, and all persons born before 1803 should avoid late hours, heated ball-rooms, and live as much as possible on liquorice jujubes.

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(*After Lunch.*)—A rolling keeper gathers no lost (birds). A cartridge in time saves kicking up a shine.

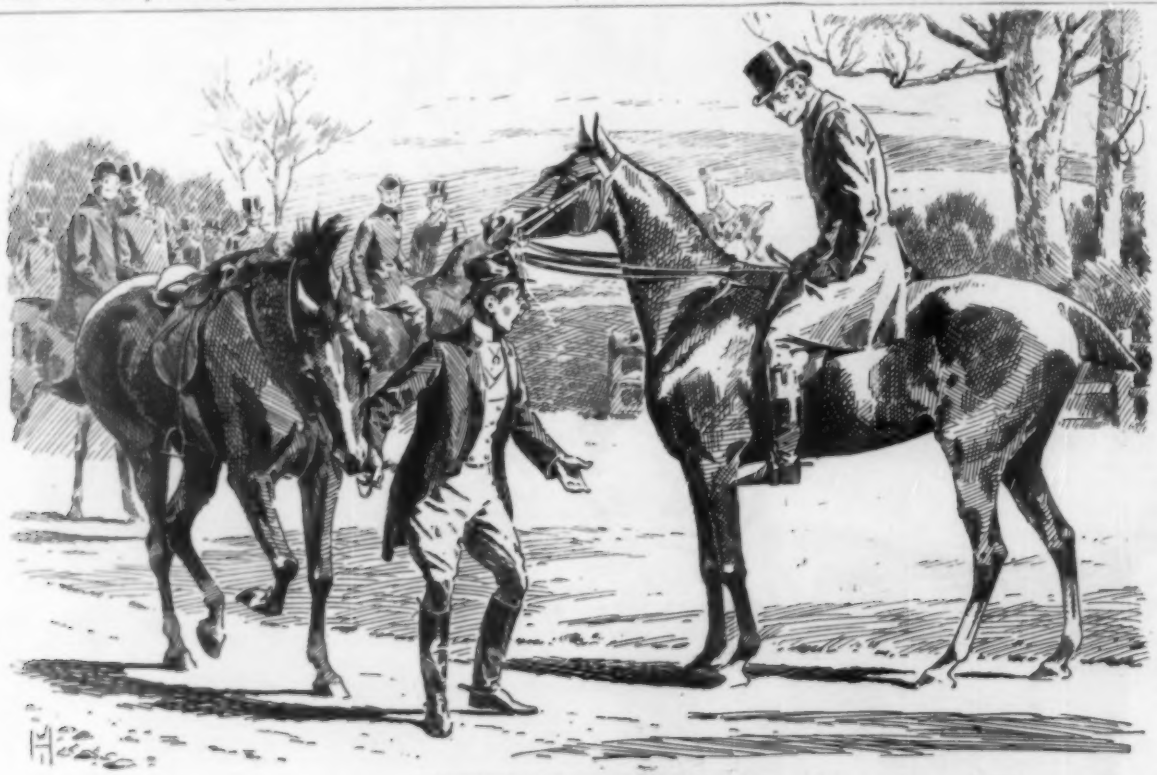
HARCOURTIANA.—Few people know how to be young at sixty-six.—*Harcourt MS.*

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

December.—Last month was bad enough, but *this* one—oh dear! oh *lor!* Well, well, OLD PODLER *may* be mistaken, though, on *nisi prius* grounds, nothing is more unlikely. Still, we must not give way to premature panic, but hope bravely for the best as long as possible. And, in any case, OLD PODLER must complete his astrological labours, having got so far. Saturn coming out of Cancer, and forming the trine aspect with Jupiter, affords the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain a brief respite from trouble. The transit of Mars through Gemini afflicts the ducks on the Round Pond, and Saturn's approach to Capricornus is most untoward for the Piccadilly goat, who should stay at home. Mars in the 5th troubles the baked-potato engines, one of which explodes in Regent Circus. The 13th is especially unfavourable for Pork-butchers, Parasites, and Photographers. OLD PODLER warns all aristocrats of his acquaintance residing in Eaton and Euston Squares that earthquakes may be expected to visit either or both localities about the 26th. A popular and much admired Actor in Romantic Comedy will lose all the hair off the top of his head, and the year will close amid general gloom.

WEATHER WISDOM.

WE have no climate—only weather! Yes!
That foreign critic hit the mark, I guess.
But from experience—and I've had a lot!—
I hate the British "climate"—weather (*whether*) or not!



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Little Pipkins (very irate, having been bucked off at the Meet, to Friend who has mounted him). "B-B-B-BUT HANG IT ALL! YOU NEVER T-T-TOLD ME HE WOULD BEGIN BUCKING LIKE THAT!"

Friend. "BUCKING! WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU NEVER TOLD *ME* YOU'D BE SUCH A FOOL AS TO TUMBLE OFF IF HE DID!"

WEATHER WISDOM.

OFTTIMES on a morning dreary, while *I*'m snoozing snug and cheery,
Many a quidnunc quaint and curious is precociously astir;
While *I*'m nodding, nicely napping, *he*'s assiduously tapping,
Anxiously engaged in tapping, rapping—the Barometer!
Oh! that is the maddest matutinal habit, my good Sir,
Tapping the Barometer!

Very likely 'tis November, that or black and bleak December,
When—as I can yet remember—morning tubs make men go "Br-r-r-r!"
Last night he conceived, with sorrow, that it *might* be wet to-morrow,
And he seeks surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the wild wind's whirr,
That with swishing wet is laden, lonely, chilly, first astir,
In that false Barometer!

Then with fingers cold, uncertain, he puts by the damask curtain.
Silly, chilly, poor fantastic slave of terrors! While I purr
Cosily upon the pillow, he of tennis or the willow
Worrying, poor foolish fellow! asks if weather signs concur
With his wishes. He's a goose who from his chamber snug will stir,
Tapping the Barometer!

OLD PODLER'S ADIEU.

OLD PODLER's mystic and thankless labours are now at an end. It is not probable in the nature of things, this being the ninety-seventh consecutive occasion on which he has come forward to interpret the voice of Fate, that he will be spared to do so for many *more* anniversaries. Still, he trusts for a continuance of past favours, and that his friends and pupils will rally round him as on previous occasions, and that the satisfaction he has given by the accuracy (on the whole) with which he has foretold innumerable Calamities in the Past may continue to reward the efforts which it is his constant endeavour to make to deserve such which—— OLD PODLER must really ask to be excused completing the above sentence, owing to his style having got somewhat influenced by habitual intercourse and communication with the Planets, and on that account not invariably seeing as far through a sentence as what he does into Futurity, and so he bids all his patrons a hearty farewell till next year, when, as usual, he will once more triumphantly point to the literal fulfilment of all his predictions.

(*Signed*) NOSTRADAMUS PODLER.

The Observatory, Black Lion Lane, Lambeth. Third bell from the top.

*** Characters discerned at any distance. Horoscopes while you wait. Ask for PODLER's Penny Packet of Predictions.

The Ancient Sexton.
I "Ha! Fine old church!" they said "Let's have a look at it." But a lurking figure loomed round a corner in wait for them.
II "'Ancient and intrestin?'" said that sexton; "I believe you! Ninety-six come Wendy week – that's wot I am!"
III "This 'ere font ancient? Ar – yew'er right. Wy, I was chrissund at it. 'Enny 'istory?' Wy, ain't that istory enuf for yer?
IV 'Intrestin reckuds in the books?' I shed think so! There's the registry o' my birth an' marriage – 'Ere it is! Come an' look for yer selves."
V 'I've buried six Vicars 'ere with my own 'ands. I 'ave 'ar' and I'll bury six more.' I beat 'em Never 'ad a day's hilness in my life
VI "Hey" 'Ever found any remarkable relics?' Wy, yes, they picked hup my last double-tooth in the chance one Sunday fifteen year ago. I've got 'im 'ere in my pocket
VII "'Enny history of the place ben written?" Oh, yes mister Jones at the post-office he wrote a lot about me in the Doddleton 'Erald 'Ere it is – I'll read it to yer
VIII "Wot" 'Ever dug out ennythink in trestin?' Oh, yes – The barber he dug a stump out of 'ere last Wit-monday of three year, as ever was"
IX "Ullo! Bliged to go aready? Wy, I could tell yer a 'eap more. Good day!"

The Toper's Soliloquy.
i.
Jollygoo'shappr:
Jollygoo'fellrs.
Sh'walkome — domegoo'!
Shgar. domegoo' too. xxx
xxxx No mashesh.
Damn!
ij.
iij.
Enoushame, woul'you kin'ly 'bligeme 'th' light!
iv.
Sha'ansh'mcab:
Worra sillyfool I am!
I 'b'lieve I'm 'bit shcrewed.
v.
'Oo cares?
Leshavasong!
"Way down upon
the Swa—
vj.
— nee River!" xxxx I mushbedrung.
vij.
Thishwon'do:
pull mishelf t'gether
'n girrome.
viij
Worrever 'll
th'mishushay?
ix.
She'll make i'
r-red'ot f'me.
x.
You'll 'xcushe my troubl'n'you,
but woul'you kin'ly 'blige me 'th —
no: thashlamposht
S

xj.
An' thashpavemint. I shey I am beaslydrung.
xij.
'Zgrashef'lydrung. Orrerbe 'shame 'm 'shelf.—
xiij
Burr I'mnot!
xiv
Worram I doin'ere? I don' livere. Ne'min' Leshavalark:
xl
Ring th'bell 'n ——— run away!
xij.
xvij.
Oh dearyme! Worre shockin'shtate I'min! Shimplyshpeeshl'sh!
'Ooray! 'Ere's a johnny gorraligh'! You'll 'xcushe me, guv'nor, bu' woul'you kin'l 'blige me 'th a ligh'?
xviij.
xix.
Shpleeshman!!!!
xx.
Thirty shillings.

STARCH AND STEEL.—A New "Ballad of East and West."

(Not at all by Rudyard Kipling.)

Oh, East is East, and West is West, as KIPLING *truly swears,*
And "Infidel dogs" have a taste in togs that your Afghan hardly shares;
And steel is steel, and starch is starch; and a starchy style looks silly;
Yet a Masher's a man in Afghanistan as he is in Piccadilly.

RHU-BUB is out with his pal BAAR-LAM, the banes of the Borderside,
And they have spotted the Masherman who is Peshawur's pride.
A Johnny he of true Burlington breed, and the good old Gaiety stock,
With knickers neat, and grey-gaiter'd feet, and a puggree'd billycock.

1. "Here is an accursed Feringhee!"

2. "Kaffir, you must die!"

Then up and spake RHU-BUB THE RED: "O BAAR-LAM BLACK, I see
A stiff-starched guy, with a collar high, an accursed Feringhee!"
Then up and spake BAAR-LAM THE BLACK: "O RHU-BUB called the Red,
Let us sharpen our steels to a razor-edge; we'll have his berlooming head!
The Feringhee fool is too cursèd cool, with his 'gingham,' glass, and guide;
And he putteth on too much of what the Kaffir dogs call 'side.'
I loathe the pig, from his 'spatted' shanks, which be shrunken shapeless things,
To the corn-cob pipe whence he blows his cloud in a series of puzzle-rings!"

3. "I think that 's rather gapped it, old Chappie!"

4. "I 'm awfully glad my Laundress put plenty starch in this Collar!"

So the Black he set his turban tight, and the Red whipped out his steel,
While the Masherman strolled on, as cool as the shadow at his heel;
And the Red and the Black his tread did track like jackals swift and sly,
Till RHU-BUB THE RED he pounced, and said, "Now, Kaffir, you must die!!!"
The Masherman he has turned him round, with a cool, brief British bow,
And clear as a bell responded, "Well—old chappies—what 's the row?"
Then he was aware of a fiendish glare in the eyes of Black and Red,
And he knelt him down on the sand-flats brown, smoked on, and nothing said.
RHU-BUB THE RED he felt the edge of his broad and glittering blade,
And he measured the Masherman's comely neck, in six inches of collar arrayed.
That snowy cylinder, God wot, was tall and stiffly starched
As that of the best-groomed Masherman who hath ever proudly marched
In the Burlington Brigade. Right well the local laundrymaid
Who had scrubbed, clear-starched, and ironed the same, knew her ingenious trade!
RED RHU-BUB raised his broad keen blade, and strongly, swiftly smote
That coolly puffing Masherman midway his long fair throat;
That mild and unmoved Masherman he abode the swashing stroke,
And from his placid lips forth puffed three regular "rings" of smoke;

5. And they erected a shrine to the "Invulnerable One."

And where starched linen met sharpened steel, behold RED RHU-BUB's blade
A rugged, jaggèd, six-inch gap in its razor-edge displayed,—
As when some hungry urchin bites at a hunk of bread-and-butter:——

RED RHU-BUB glared, BLACK BAAR-LAM stared; no word might either utter.
But up and spake that Masherman, still puffing regular rings,
"I—rather think—that 's gapped it—eh, old chappie?"——
Like two things
Fate-stricken, those two swart Afghans flopped face-forward on the sands,
And buried foreheads worshipful in reverential hands,
What time the unscathed Masherman, whose stride no wonder broke,
Marched onward, musing as he puffed forth perfect rings of smoke:
"Guillotined — and still going strong! That floors the nigs, no doubt!
Our civilisation then is not so uttawly played out!
Bai Jove! but that was a rippin' sword! Those Johnnies thought, you bet,
That razor-edge would *hurt* my neck; now I guess 'twill want a whet.
Starch is the modern Chappie's mail, you may lay your bottom dollar!
I 'm aw'fly glad the laundress put such a lot in my new collar!
It took the starch clean out of *them!*—Say, *that* is a rippin' 'wheeze'!
Well, serve 'em right! They've made me spoil my knickers at the knees!"

RHU-BUB and BAAR-LAM raised a shrine in Candahar, whereon
They placed a private Idol, called "The Invulnerable One,"
Four-arm'd, cross-legged, with a pale profile in the Oriental style,
Which reproduced most skilfully the Masherman's placid smile,
With Burlington accessories, book, gingham, pipe, and glass,
Whereto they make a special point of bowing whene'er they pass!

Oh, East is East, and West is West; mail's mail, and starch is starch,
And the modern Masher's linen is as hard as the Marble Arch.
And when Gaiety "Cuff-shooter" against Afghan thief's arrayed,
You may bet your bottom dollar upon Burlington Arcade.

HARCOURTIANA.

"MY dear CHAMBERLAIN," I once said to an old friend, "the greatest ambition adroitly conceals itself when it finds that what it aspires after is unattainable." It was to another friend I remarked: "We had better affect to appear to be what we are not than present ourselves as we are." I cannot say that in either case the observation was enthusiastically received.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

To err is human, to forgive feminine.—*The Harcourt MS.*

MUSICAL COMPETITION.

"A Lock of your Hair, Maëstro!"

MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO EVERYBODY—WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

LONDON: BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., LIMITED, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE FIRST TEST OF A TRULY GREAT MAN IS HIS HUMILITY.—RUSKIN.

"Modest Humility is Beauty's Crown."

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE.

Never blend our sorrow or our pride with the meanest thing that feels.—WORDSWORTH.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. G. NICOLY, *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The following extracts are from the sublime poem, "Oh! why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?" his love of which has made it immortal. He said it was one of the finest productions of the English language:—

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The hand of the king that sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The saint who enjoy'd the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

They died—ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road—

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away!—T. CARLYLE.

As Time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the being that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS? HEALTH, AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND THOSE WHO LOVE US.

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.—*European Mail.*

IMPORTANT to all Leaving Home for a Change.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and impure, producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhœa in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. No doubt where it has been taken in the earliest stages of disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

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